UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

Louis L. Mann
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The Problem of Man

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Items from a Traveler's Note Book

VIII.—Moscow

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Present War in Europe

By DEVERE ALLEN

A Substitute for Christianity

By WILLIAM FLOYD

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Dr. Sunderland to Make His Home in Michigan

Dr. J. T. Sunderland, who has resided in Poughkeepsie the last four years, and who previously for 14 years was pastor of the Unitarian Church of this city, while residing in New York, is leaving for Ann Arbor, Mich., where he intends to make his home with his son, Professor E. R. Sunderland of the law department of the university there.

Dr. Sunderland received his education at the University of Chicago, graduating from the literary and theological department in 1867 and 1870. He has been pastor of churches in Milwaukee, Chicago, Ann Arbor, Hartford, Toronto, London, England, and Poughkeepsie, and has held many public positions of importance in connection with his denomination.

He has traveled extensively in Europe, Palestine, Egypt and the Far East, coming to his pastorate in Poughkeepsie at the conclusion of a journey around the world. Twice he has been sent by the National Unitarian Association of the United States and that of England, on commissions to the Orient, to investigate social, educational and religious conditions there, and report the same in London and Boston. In connection with these commissions, he lectured widely in India, Ceylon, China, and Japan.

He is the author of 14 books, including one on the Bible which has passed through many editions and has been translated into two European languages; one on religion and evolution; two on travel and life in Egypt and Palestine; one on Japan; and three on India, the last of which, his "India In Bondage," has had a unique history. It was published in Calcutta, in 1929 and quickly passed through a large first edition and far into a second, when the British government of the country took alarm at its revelations, arrested its Indian publishers and interdicted the circulation of the work in India. Meanwhile, however, it had been read by many persons in England, who approved of its revelations, and who caused the matter of its suppression to be brought before Parliament, where the volume was strongly defended and its interdiction condemned. In 1930, an American edition of the work was published in New York. At the present time, English and French editions are nearly ready for issue in London and Paris. When the book first appeared in India, it met with high commendation from practically the entire Indian press, which protested against the government's action in banning it and testified emphatically to the candor and fairness of its spirit and to the justice and accuracy of its statement of facts. Mahatma Gandhi took up the matter at once in his paper, *Young India*, strongly defending the book.

Dr. Sunderland has been a special student of India for more than 30 years. He has traveled in all parts

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UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

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FAITH

I ask once again, let us, the dreamers of the East and the West, keep our faith firm in the Life that creates and not in the Machine that constructs—in the power that hides its force and blossoms in beauty, and not in the power that bares its arms and chuckles at its capacity to make itself obnoxious. Let us know that the Machine is good when it helps, but not so when it exploits life; that Science is great when it destroys evil, but not when the two enter into unholy alliance.

—*Rabindranath Tagore* in "The Religion of Man."

Our time has witnessed no more impressive spectacle than that of Mahatma Gandhi in Lancashire. The picture of the great Indian walking through the idle factories and silent homes which he had devastated with his boycott of English cloth reminded us of the famous picture of the compassionate Lincoln walking through the streets of Richmond laid waste by the destructive power of his victorious arms. In both cases there was the conqueror surveying his field of conquest, with no pride or joy in his heart, but only with pity and sorrow welling up from a tender soul. What is especially significant about the Gandhi episode is the frank confession, thus at length revealed, that the Indian campaign against English cloth has been supremely and terribly successsful. Hitherto in Britain it has been the practice to ridicule the Mahatma's war against the cotton trade. It has been told us a thousand times that he was accomplishing nothing. If there was industrial depression and widespread unemployment in Lancashire, it was only because of the general business conditions prevailing everywhere throughout the British Isles, and indeed throughout the world. But why was Gandhi asked to go to Lancashire, if his boycott had not silenced and emptied the factories? Was it to give the English a chance to jeer his feebleness and gloat over his failure? On the contrary, it was to show the victor the magnitude of his victory, and to appeal to his pity for relief. Once the Mahatma arrived upon the scene, there could be no further concealment. The little man in the loin-cloth was here triumphant over the greatest empire of modern times! What Gandhi saw, of course, moved him to the bottom of his soul. But as he looked on the poor and hungry of these factory-towns, he forgot not "the dumb and semi-starved millions" of his own land. And with true statesmanship as well as utter compassion, he pointed the way out—independence of India, which would release the Indians from exploitation, and enable them to cooperate with their English comrades in the common service of their common interests. Gandhi conquers not to destroy but to save.

We have seen no better statement of the real meaning of Ramsay MacDonald's action in forming a National Government in the face of the English financial crisis in September last, than that made by the Socialist rebel, Sir Oswald Mosley. Every other consideration one side, it is to be remembered that MacDonald's Labor Government was a *Socialist* Government. It represented, in other words, that type of political thought which has always prophesied the collapse of capitalism, and pretended at least to welcome this collapse. Yet—to quote Sir Oswald Mosley:

> When the day arrived which they had awaited ever since Karl Marx put pen to paper, Labor had the unique advantage of being in office. When the great moment came they had the whole resources of the State at their command. The day dawned, but Labor resigned! What were they to think of a Salvation Army which took to its heels on the Day of Judgment?

It may be argued on MacDonald's behalf, that he at least did not resign. When the crisis came, he did not take to his heels, as did most of his colleagues in the Cabinet, but stood by to meet the full brunt of the awful blow which was impending. But in both cases, with MacDonald and Snowden exactly as with Henderson and Clynes, there was a refusal to act upon a situation for which these men, if they were true Socialists, had been impatiently waiting for years. In other words, the moment they saw capitalism cracking up, *they rushed to save it!* For those who resigned had their program also for rescuing the existing system! All of which means, or at least suggests, that the English Socialists have been playing with ideas all these years, and have not the slightest intention or desire of doing away with capitalism! One can imagine what Lenin would have done in such a crisis. Right or wrong, the Bolsheviki at least had the courage of their convictions, and were willing to pay the price of their ideals. The English Laborites are a shoddy lot. We sympathize with the young left-wingers who want to clean the slate and begin over again.

The League of Nations meetings last month were melancholy affairs. They justified the gloomy comment of the distinguished English journalist, Mr. Wickham Steed, that "the fortunes of the League are at a dangerous low ebb." Writing direct from Geneva, he declared, "Confidence is waning here as elsewhere. The fires of faith of the earlier years seem to have burned themselves out, or, at best, to be covered by so thick a layer of damp ash that they give little warmth." The reasons for the League's slump in world repute are two. In the first place, the League has availed nothing to stay the steady drift of Europe toward disaster and dissolution. Political discussion, economic catastrophe, huge armaments, and the growing menace of war, all exist precisely as though the League of Nations had never been established. Secondly, in the momentous succession of crises this past summer, the League played no part at all in saving situations. There was action in Washington, there were meetings in London and Paris; premiers and diplomats and bankers met and conferred and acted. But no resort was had to Geneva and the elaborate mechanism of the League. It lay there by the lovely lake as though forgotten, or despised. As for the September meetings of the Assembly, one feels that they were held only because they were scheduled on the calendar. So far as the actual condition of Europe was concerned, these meetings seemed utterly aloof and inconsequential. Yet there were things that the Assembly might have done! Thus, it might have reminded the world, by some brave word or action, of its own especial task of promoting international understanding; it might have been generous and courteous instead of insulting to Russia, and thus have cultivated goodwill where goodwill is sorely needed; and it might have "made straight the path of next year's disarmament conference"—to quote Mr. Steed again! "upon the success of which the existence of the League itself may depend." Sins of omission are frequently as serious as sins of commission. The League is doing as little for itself as for the world.

The refusal of Mr. Hoover to call a special session of Congress has a sinister look about it. Such action, or inaction, on the part of the President comes near to being a betrayal of democracy as we understand democracy in this country. It is too much of a reminder of the suspension of the Reichstag in Germany to be altogether pleasant. For nobody disguises the fact that Bruening's cabinet has been governing in recent months under dictatorial powers expressly granted to the president by the Constitution of the Reich. But no such powers are recognized in America, and in times like these the representatives of the people should be in counsel. All the more so as the present representatives were chosen last November, and, thanks to one of the most curious anomalies of our Constitution, have not yet taken office! Mr. Hoover, of course, by training and apparently also by temperament, is a man who wants to work alone. But under our government as duly established by law, the President cannot work alone. Whether he likes it or not, he must have Congress on his hands in December. Why then postpone the task of cooperation when the country is faced by the most serious problems, requiring legislative as well as executive action, which have been known since the days of the Great War? Personally we know of no more threatening aspect of American life today than the prevalent distrust of the two houses of Congress. Many people, apparently, would be glad to get rid of Congress altogether if only they knew how to do so. But what is Congress if not the people? And what is this distrust of Congress if not a distrust of the people and of their ability to run their own affairs? If this is the pass to which we have come today in America, let us say so frankly. But if democracy is to be anything more than a mere shibboleth, or slogan, let us take it seriously and use it for all it may be worth.

UNITY mourns the passing of two of its oldest and most honored friends. First, DAVID STARR JORDAN, one of America's greatest men! Dr. Jordan was great in a three-fold capacity. Thus, as a scholar, he won international authority and renown in his chosen field of zoology. In his particular specialty, fish life, he was without a peer in his generation. Next, as a college president, he took rank with the chief educational administrators of the past century. What Gilman was to Johns Hopkins, and Eliot to the new Harvard, this Jordan was to Leland Stanford. Lastly, Dr. Jordan was a humanitarian of the first order of intelligence and vision. He espoused many noble causes of reform—among others, anti-alcohol—but it was in the field of peace that he did his greatest work. Here, in unique fashion, he brought to bear his profound biological knowledge, and fashioned a new and potent weapon against war in his demonstration of the effect of the slaughter of battle upon the breed of men. Selecting the best to die and the worst to propagate, war, he said, is bound to drain the blood of the nations, and thus lead to racial deterioration and decay. A pacifist in days of peace, he dared to apply his pacifism in days of war, and thus was among the first and bravest of those who tried to keep America out of the senseless European struggle of 1917-1918. Reviled and mobbed and outlawed, Dr. Jordan happily lived to see the vindication of his principles and to receive the repentance of his fellow-citizens. For years a friend of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Dr. Jordan early became associated with UNITY, and for years gave it the fresh and eager contributions of his ever-

youthful pen. A man of leonine appearance, showing in every feature of his frame and face the enormous power of his personality, he yet had infinite springs of tenderness within his soul, and was beloved by thousands of students and friends throughout the world. Pitifully crippled in his closing days, he died full of honors as of years. Now he is "of them that have left a name behind, that their praises might be reported. . . . Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth forevermore."

Our second loss is in the death of Dr. Charles W. Wendte. This free and ardent spirit was one of Jenkin Lloyd Jones' earliest friends, and with him one of the founders of this paper. In the first issue of the Pamphlet Mission, the immediate forerunner and parent of Unity, Dr. Wendte's name appears side by side with those of Dr. Jones, William C. Gannett, J. T. Sunderland, Robert Collyer, I. C. Learned, and George Willis Cooke. In those valiant days when the so-called "Western Issue" was to the fore, and Unitarians of the Middle West were outraging the staid theological conservatism of Boston and the East, Dr. Wendte was in the van of radicalism. Born in the very shadow of Theodore Parker's Music Hall pulpit, he carried throughout his long and busy ministry the free spirit and bold humanitarian zeal of the great Boston preacher. The crowning achievement of Dr. Wendte's life was his organization of the "International Conference of Unitarian and Other Religious Liberals." With tireless energy, this modern apostle hunted out liberal churches of every name and place, and liberal individuals in far-flung portions of the world, and joined them together in one great fellowship of Truth and Freedom. It was the hot fire in Dr. Wendte's soul which fused together these not infrequently discordant elements of many tongues and creeds, and welded them into one of the most impressive international religious organizations that the world has known. Who can forget the great Conference meetings which were held in London, Boston, and Geneva! Then came the War—and the toilsome work of decades was blasted in the frivolous madness of a night. This was a heart-breaking experience. But Dr. Wendte lost no courage and abandoned no faith. In his old age, and in his retirement, he was as ardent, optimistic, and courageous as ever. His autobiography is one of the most distinguished personal records of our time. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The Problem of Man

Personality remains—and probably as far as many generations of mankind are concerned, will continue to be either a source of joy and inspiration or of misery and despair.

Personality eludes, as does religion and democracy, precise and inclusive definition. We can say it is the sum of the activities of a person. It may be defined as the impression that these activities make upon others. To me it is something more than any sum or even any combination of activities. But what ever personality is, it is something that is intensely real; elusive, yet a part in human experience.

The question of changing or amending a personality is one which is debated unceasingly. Can a person change his nature? Can a person alter his personality? One says "No!" another says "Yes." If the answer "No" is true—then we are in the grip of "circumstances," helpless ships on the mighty current of life. If the answer "Yes" is true—then we are creators as well as actors in the drama of life. If personality can not be altered or amended then there is no such thing as teaching. All effort to change the individual in his attitude toward the world is folly. On the other hand, if personality can be changed, if it can respond to our appeal so that action is otherwise than it would be if the particular appeal were not present, then teaching has meaning and significance.

It is not the purpose of this article to continue the debate. For in spite of theories, men continue to act as though personalities can be changed. From poet and prophet come burning words of appeal urging men to act otherwise than they have been acting. Should and ought, could and would remain in our language. The most ardent of mechanists urges men to cease to be militarists and become pacifists.

If we admit our freedom to be very limited, we go about living as though this limited freedom was real. We say again and again—"I might have done so and so, but I did not." Every man's life is marked with great blots which represent his regrets that he had not acted otherwise than he did. Sorrow for sorrow brought to others by our acts has no meaning unless it is an expression of determination to alter our ways of acting. This is not argument but rather the basis for faith in the possibility of changing human personality.

Here, then, is the problem of problems for mankind. In getting things done in the world we depend not on God to do them for us. They must be done by persons. The difficulty is not in the thing to be accomplished. It is done the moment a sufficient num-

ber of persons agree that it shall be done. This means that we must co-operate—must work together for a common purpose.

All of which is easy to say but the fact remains that the progress of mankind toward brotherhood is slow because the people of co-operative personalities are so very few. The cry is sometimes for leadership. Heaven knows that we need leadership, but if every one demands that he be a leader we have chaos and not progress.

It is well to recognize frankly and freely that the chief problem of man is man himself. When one looks at the labor movement in America one is almost in despair. Writers and speakers in behalf of labor are, in many cases, spending all their energy in abusing their fellow workers. Violent quarrel succeeds violent quarrel, until the objective of the workers is lost in the dust and turmoil of the battle. When a committee wants to accomplish even a small, but good end, the real question is not what is to be done, but how can we get along with this and that person. Individuals with high purposes and earnest desire to do good in the world often fail and utterly fail not because of lack of either knowledge or personal ability, but because of incapacity to work with others.

The tragedy of many a minister's life lies in the fact that all too often his most ardent supporters and most loyal friends are incapable of any real co-operative living. He prays for people who can sit in a committee and show a willingness to give as well as take.

There are economic problems that seem to overwhelm the world. Mankind is bound in the grip of age-old traditions that have utterly lost their meaning. The only way out is through the combined efforts of men and women. The vision is here. The high goal is set up. The dream of the co-operative commonwealth haunts humanity. Mankind looks to Russia with ardent hope. There, men are trying on a gigantic scale to take the Kingdom of Heaven by force. Heroism, devotion, sacrifice, even of life, is being poured into this human experiment. But there, as elsewhere, the problem is primarily one of personality. If men and women can be developed in large numbers who are possessed of the co-operative spirit, who can achieve that marvelous thing, the ability to work with others, then the Russian experiment will succeed in spite of economic blunders and mistakes.

The failure of co-operative ventures in America has been due again and again not to a faulty economic program, but to the clash of personalities. How many of us have spent hours on hours in committee meetings when the thing to be done was trivial but could not be done because some members would not yield on utterly unimportant matters. As in matters of state, individuals insist upon the maintenance of their prestige. On the rock of prestige many a good cause is wrecked.

The problem of mankind is man. In the past it has been the business of the institutions of religion to save souls. It may well be the business of these institutions in the future to help to train persons in the art of living together on this earth—to help develop co-operative personalities.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

Our recent editorial, "Will Gandhi Compromise?" was printed in full in eight of the most important papers in India. Thus does UNITY's little candle shed its beams!

As we keep on reading of bank failure after bank failure in this country, we keep on thinking of our wonderful Federal Reserve System which was going to prevent all bank failures forever! That System has been a bonanza for the bankers. What has it ever done for the people?

There are things we shall be missing this fall and winter—Calvin Coolidge's daily newspaper article, for example—and the Wickersham Commission—and Al Capone. What will the columnists and the jokesmiths and the editorial writers do without them?

Things sometimes get better because they can't get any worse. Is this the case with unemployment, justice in America, financial difficulties in Germany, and the world crisis generally?

So we must open the breweries and manufacture real beer, so as to increase employment and restore prosperity! Well, well, is it as easy as that? We advise those who think so to go to England, and see how much the liquor business is doing to restore prosperity to that country. What the advocates of this scheme want is not prosperity but *beer*. Why don't they be honest and say so?

Wonders never cease! A Socialist is now head of the Nationalist Government in England, and a "dry" is now head of the American Legion in America.

J. H. H.

Items From a Traveler's Note Book

VIII. Moscow

I

It was difficult to believe our eyes when we entered our sleeper for Moscow. This was the most palatial car that I had seen in Europe. I understood why Bernard Shaw, traveling a few days ahead of us, had asked if his car had been the private car of the Czar before the revolution. It would be foolish to attach undo significance to this crack night express from Leningrad to Moscow. The road has long been one of the best on the continent, and these trains are very particularly for the use of English and American tourists. One must travel into the interior of Russia to discover the discomforts and also the hazards of railroad transportation. None the less, my mind went back nine years to the train on which I had earlier entered Moscow—one battered old sleeper attached to a line of coaches which were mere cattle-cars, dirty, smelly, disreputable, in which were squeezed all the first-class passengers who could gain passage on this train which ran but twice a week. Here was immeasurable progress—something of a prophecy of what may eventually be accomplished everywhere in Russia.

II

As we entered Moscow, the first impression was disappointment. The city looked almost as bad as Leningrad—the same broken pavements, the same shabby and decaying buildings, the same endless piles of debris. Indeed, to my doleful surprise, Moscow seemed to look hardly any better than when I had seen it first in 1922, when it bore all the wounds and stains of the years of war, famine and disease. As the days have passed, I have discovered that conditions are much better than at first appear. The streets and houses, for example, are much cleaner than they have ever been before, although there is a long way to go in this regard before western standards are attained. Every now and then one comes to pavements as smooth and hard as any pavement in New York. One can hardly turn a corner without seeing gangs of men repairing streets and sidewalks, painting walls, restoring windows and roofs. New buildings are far more numerous than in Leningrad, and many of them of more pretentious character. Already there are enough new office-buildings and apartment-houses to show what Moscow is going to look like in the future. Nor is that future far removed! For it is a part of the famous Five Year Plan to repave and rebuild the entire capital before 1933. But not much has yet been achieved—largely because there are more important things to do at this moment! The city can wait till railroads are completed, factories at work, the farms equipped with tractors and other modern tools.

Whatever its physical conditions, Moscow still remains one of the most fascinating and even beautiful cities in the world. Nothing can dim the glory of the Kremlin, with its huge wall reared to beat off the assaults of Tartar hordes, its gleaming spires and crosses, its lofty towers. These towers no longer ring as they did years ago—the bells are not only silenced but in many cases removed! Those booming chimes that morning and night used to rock the city with heavenly melody are now all stilled by order of the Soviet authorities. But what the ear cannot hear, the eye can see—the golden domes, the lofty walls, the river, the public buildings, the miles of picturesque houses, and on the outskirts the looming factories and stretching farms. If there is anything finer than the Red Square, I have not seen it; anything more amazing than St. Basil's Cathedral, I have not discovered it; anything nobler than the State Opera House, I have not heard of it. How impressive the church where lie the bodies of the forty Czars who reigned before Peter the Great, including Ivan the Terrible, Boris Godounoff, and the unhappy Dimitri! How gorgeous the cathedral where all the Czars within living memory, including the last and saddest of them, were crowned rulers "by the grace of God"! These monuments are barbaric—they celebrate the pomp and splendor of a savage people. There is no trace here of the culture and religion which transformed the west and brought in the era of modern times. One can understand, as one wanders amid this ancient dust, why the revolution had to come, and why it turned society upside down with cataclysmic violence. One glance at these robes of royalty and these ikons of religion tells all the story to the inquiring mind.

One tires of these things after a time, just as one surely tires of the mere physical labor of getting about. I know of no city so utterly exhausting as Moscow. To begin with, it is the most crowded city in the world. Living quarters are crammed beyond all belief. It is excellent, in principle, that nobody shall have two rooms until everybody has at least one. But principle does not help reality when there are not rooms enough anywhere for single occupancy. Thousands of families in Moscow are living in one room, and hundreds are living *two* families in one room. I know an American engineer who is sharing one room with five other men. I visited a family in the suburbs who shelter ten persons in the four rooms of a little cottage, and on the night I was there, two visitors were being cared for.

Such swarms of people crowd the streets and render utterly inadequate the still limited transportation facilities. I though I knew from the New York subways what crowding meant, but I discovered a new degree of suffocation in the Moscow trams. At every stopping-place are long lines of people waiting patiently to find some little space in which to jam themselves. The lines are frequently orderly, but quite as frequently, especially in the late afternoon, they break into fighting mobs of determined men and women. Such conditions are of course impossible to the foreigner, who does not know just where he is going nor even how much to pay the conductor. With taxis almost non-existent and droshkies incredibly expensive, how shall the visitor get about? Walking is the easiest way. But as Moscow is a city of enormous distances, uncertain directions, and shattered pavements, pedestrian exercise speedily becomes exhausting, beyond flesh to bear.

If the crowds abated on occasion, it would be some relief. But they never do! This is partly because many factories and other enterprises are on three seven-hour shifts a day—which means workers coming and going at all hours. Then there is the five-

day week which has altogether supplanted the traditional seven-day week. The five-day week means four days of work and one day of rest for every worker. But the workers take their rest in different days—which means that *every day,* without cessation of any kind, four-fifths of the people are working and one-fifth resting. As the people rest just as hard as they work, especially the young who are fairly hectic with energy, there is no let-up at any moment. The night is almost as noisy as the day—stores, factories, offices, are always open—work is always kicking up its clatter and stirring up its dust—and throngs of idle or pleasure-seeking people are always milling in the streets or jamming on the trams. The unceasing whirl wearies the senses and breaks the nerve. I wonder how long I could stand the fever and fury of this town!

III

It is impossible to relate here all that we have done in these eight days in Moscow, just as it is impossible to interpret, or even express, all that we have thought. Indeed, I doubt if anybody can really describe what is going on in Russia today, for in this place there is a different language, strange standards, incredible achievements. Everything is upside down, or inside out. When Alice went through the Looking Glass, she saw things much as the ordinary bourgeois visitor sees things in this land. To begin with, he has no place in the social order, and thus cannot adjust himself to an environment which has destroyed his kind. The aristocracy is not more completely annihilated among the Soviets than the middle class. This is the land of workers, more especially hand-workers. It is tolerable only because nobody is denied the opportunity to work, and everybody may therefore become a citizen. But labor by hand rather than brain gets all the favors and therefore has the best chances of survival and happiness. Take the ration-cards, for example, which purchase food and clothing for the people at the government stores. These are classified in the order of preference. First come the children, who must have milk, though everybody else, as now, goes without. Next come the workers. These, after the children, have the first chance at bread, shoes, garments—if the supply becomes exhausted before others are reached, these others must go without. The third class are the white-collar workers, who take what is left after the real workers get through. Last come the intellectual workers, who are now being forced to buy most of their supplies in the open market at unregulated and hence grossly extravagant prices. The open door to existence in Russia is the trade union. Belong to a union, and all is well! But woe betide the man who holds no membership.

Most amazing of facts in this strange land, is the utter absence of the desire for and pursuit of riches. The money-lust is gone; the acquisitive instinct, which we have been told is inherent in human nature, has disappeared. The reason is obvious. Nobody can make any money beyond the standard which everybody can make. Workers are paid their wage, which varies between certain limits determined by efficiency, and that's the end. Even if it were possible to acquire money, what would be the object, since, with few and unimportant exceptions, there is nothing to buy, no property to acquire. Then, too, there is no insecurity to fear, since sickness, accident, unemployment and old age are protected by the state, so there is no need to pile up money defenses against the hazards of the future. So nobody is interested any more in money. What the people earn they spend. As all are living approximately on the same economic level, there is no opportunity for display. Dress no longer has significance, fashions are unknown, decorations are vulgar. The best things in life—education, recreation, music and art, study and play—these are shared as the common possession and right of all. Hence no desire to *own!* "Wouldn't you like to have a horse, and a dog, and some cows?" asked an American visitor of a little peasant boy on a collectivized farm. "O, yes," cried the boy, with shining eyes, "then I could give them all to the farm."

In establishing their new society, the Bolsheviki have cut straight through all the precedents and traditions of the past, and literally made "all things new." Nowhere is this more conspicuous than in the courts. Shall I ever forget that morning in the police-court where I witnessed the trial of six men for speculation for profit? The judge was a woman of about 40 years of age, dressed in a neat gingham gown. She was vigorous, magnetic, alert—a genuine personality. She had had six months' training in the law of the republic before taking her place upon the bench for a one-year term. With her were two workers, a man and a woman, chosen by the trade unions. These three constituted the jury. The judge, assisted by the state investigator, was the prosecutor, if this word can be used to describe the conduct of the case. There were two lawyers provided for the defense, free of charge, by the state. The procedure was perfectly simple—no formality, no "Your Honor this" or "Your Honor that"—no objections, sustained or denied—no tangled searching of the law as a kind of accacadabra of mystery and power. Each defendant was simply called to the bar, which was a rude table covered with green baize cloth, and given full opportunity to state his case. He talked as much as he pleased, was questioned by the judge, occasionally by the lawyers, and then returned to his seat. There were no police-officers in the court, and the prisoners were allowed to come and go, even leave the room, as they pleased. After the defendants had told their tales, the investigator responsible for their arrests stated his facts, the lawyers were called upon to say whatever they could for their clients, and the way was cleared for the verdict. It was impressive to see the interest of the judge in the defendants' life-history, their education or lack of education, the chance they had had or been denied. The case was complicated—so complicated that we found the utmost difficulty in following it. Yet it was finished in a few hours, with a scrupulous regard, it seemed to us, for the facts involved and the justice demanded. Every person in this court, except perhaps the prisoners, was after the truth, and seeking only the good for all concerned.

What can be done in Russia for the criminal we found in a reclamation colony on the outskirts of Moscow. Here are gathered some 1,800 men and women who had been incorrigible thieves. No one can be received in this colony who has not been convicted at least three times, and the average record for all the inmates is nine convictions. The colony is built on the cottage or dormitory plan, and is self-sustaining. Its buildings include homes, stores, workshops, dining-room and kitchens, factories, gardens, play-

grounds. It not only has no walls, but no guards. There are only six representatives of the state there at all, and these are teachers rather than officials. No one is armed—not a gun on the place! Also, no church, or chapel! Government is entirely in the hands of the inmates themselves who establish rules, maintain discipline, and impose punishments. These punishments begin with refusal of permits to leave the grounds, include various fines, and end with the final and worst punishment of all, which is expulsion from the colony. Each inmate is paid full income for his work, and at the end of three years receives a trade union card (graduation diploma!) which entitles him to a job anywhere in the country. In seven years, 120 men have run away, of which 75 voluntarily returned; only 6 men have proved hopeless, and been sent away. We were received by the colony with great friendliness, and shown about with a touching pride and enthusiasm. It would seem as though a new brand of human nature were being produced in this republic. What's the secret?

Less encouraging—or rather, perhaps, more baffling—was the marriage and divorce court. It was amazingly simple—just a room with a table, behind which sat a young clerk with two books to left and right. The first book was the marriage book, and the second the divorce. Enter a man and woman who desire to get married! They must identify themselves by their papers, answer the usual questions about age, occupation, etc., pay two roubles, and then sign their names in the book. This completes the ceremony—the marriage is registered, and therewith legal. I was particularly interested in a young girl, 19 years of age, who wanted to get a divorce. She had been married only the day before. After the registration there had been a party, at which the bridegroom had gotten very drunk and treated his new wife brutally. Her parents warned her that she could never be happy with such a man, she had refused to go home with him, and here she was to divorce him. She paid the two roubles required by the law, answered the necessary questions, and signed her name. Her husband would be notified by post-card. The whole transaction occupied eight minutes and 45 seconds, and the girl departed as free as she had been only twenty-four hours before. It was simple, expeditious, in this case salutary. Why not? And yet—!

IV

To walk about in Moscow is to grow weary with exertion. To watch the people, visit the institutions, study the habits and customs, is to grow dizzy with amazement. Religion, at least as these Russians have known it, seems to be dead for good and all. Many of the churches are open, and services are conducted unmolested. But more churches are coming down, or are being used for storage, hay-mows, chicken-yards, or wood-bins. The priests are most of them subsisting in miserable poverty, and the people, except for some of the faithful among the older generation, are indifferent or hostile. Anti-religious museums are everywhere and the Society of the Godless flourishes. A casual crowd of more than a hundred persons, gathered in a public park, when asked how many went to church, raised not a single hand. It can only be a matter of time before the old religion will disappear. What, if anything, will take its place?

The middle-class, so far as they survive at all, are in dire distress. The unrest of their minds is even more pitiful than the weariness of their bodies. Brave groups, striving to continue their intellectual pursuits or their independent practice of religion, are fiercely persecuted. A night visit to some Tolstoians, on the outskirts of Moscow, was almost like a visit to the Christian catacombs in ancient Rome. Even among the working people and the peasants, there is much discontent. The change is too sudden, the overturn too complete, the pace too swift and exacting! They sigh for the old familiar days when poverty was at least accompanied by quiet. As for liberty, it does not exist, but, save by a few, it is not missed, for liberty has never existed in Russia.

But, unless I am utterly deceived, there is no mistaking the high spirit of the great masses of the people, the exuberant enthusiasm of the new generation, the discipline and utter consecration of the Communists, the drive of an entire population toward the vast achievement of a new world. The Russian people may still be miserable in the light of American standards, but they are better off than they have ever been before. They may enjoy no civil liberties, as we think we enjoy them in the U. S. A., but they are not conscious of any lack of freedom. The worker as he sits in his trade-union, the farmer as he drives his furrow, feels that the nation belongs to him. This is *his* enterprise—this vast adventure *his* undertaking. As for the young people who were born in war and have been reared in revolution, they burn with the zeal of crusaders who march to save mankind. To see Russia is to see the movement of cosmic forces; to feel Russia is to feel the momentum of transfiguring ideals. Something enormous, perhaps terrible, has been brought forth in this country in the last ten years. Moscow lifts one up in exaltation, and casts one down in fear. It is like nothing else upon this earth, nor can any power now existent stay it in its course. It is here to destroy, or to remake, our world. Is it the Russians, or ourselves, who will decide the issue?

V

It was a few minutes before midnight, and we had wandered into the Red Square to hear the chimes upon the Kremlin bell-tower sound the hour. We stood before the dark mass of Lenin's tomb, in which we had seen the body of the great man, a few hours before, lying in his simple workman's garb as though in sleep. Behind the tomb was the Kremlin wall, looking down upon an area which it had guarded for ten bloody centuries. Behind the wall were golden domes and lofty towers, and in one window of an executive building a light for some late worker. Silently passed the sentinels upon the walls, their bayonets gleaming in a moonlight which flooded all the scene with molten silver. We waited, watching the motionless guards by Lenin's tomb, or the domes upon Ivan's grotesque cathedral of St. Basil, or the great clock as clear as day upon the tower. Suddenly, above all the shuffle of passing feet and the unceasing roar of the city, there sounded the twelve strokes of midnight. The last tone died away, and it seemed as though for the first time a hush fell upon the square. Then quickly, after long silence, there came the chimes ringing the anthem of the "International"—

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation.

In cascades of pealing sound, the great hymn went

flooding over the vast spaces of the city. As I listened, it seemed as though I heard the voices of all the toilers of all the ages gone. As I looked at Lenin's tomb, it seemed as though, out of darkness, there sprang a flame to consume injustice and light the paths of men. And it *was* a flame, or very like a flame, for there high up, just above the mausoleum, there floated the Red flag in one clear shaft of light.

The chimes were silent, and I seemed to hear again the clamor of the city. The moon disappeared suddenly behind a looming dome, and Lenin's tomb was swallowed in great darkness. We turned back to the Square of the Revolution and our hotel. The night was swiftly passing before the dawn of the new day.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Moscow, Russia.

The Present War in Europe

Words are deceitful vehicles of thought. We speak of "peace" and "war" as quite distinct phenomena, unrelated, opposite. But Europe is at war today, whatever use we make of terminology. There is, of course, a combat which we label "war," vastly different from the present conflict; but to the warfare of combat it is only a swift step, after all, from the subtler, less dramatic warfare which, if continued, will bring down combat warfare on the world as inexorably as rain.

The present war in Europe is fought within men's minds; fought in the market place, the stock exchange and the banking institutions; fought in the diplomatic headquarters of the struggling nations; fought in the chemical and ammunition factories; fought in the contest to sway millions of youth toward different systems; fought between a hundred minorities and the majorities that would hold them subject; fought in the clash of propaganda issued by clever snipers in pressrooms; fought in the shop, the meeting hall and the street between the ruling classes and the revolutionary proletariat.

To become cynical and declare that nothing can prevent the coming of another combat war is merely to bring that conflict nearer. Neither pessimism nor optimism can be of service in this issue. What is vastly more of consequence is an understanding of the facts, so that every action taken by public-spirited people to influence governments may be based on reality.

In this article I shall attempt to picture some of the ways in which the warfare of poison gas and civilian destruction, which is what another large-scale war will certainly mean, is being rendered likely. I have no desire to play upon fear, which is itself a potent cause of war. In a subsequent article, I mean to suggest some of the trends toward peace, and the instrumentalities which are working hopefully toward war prevention. Here, however, it should be useful to outline the war-making practices and attitudes that hang over the heads of the European peoples like a miasmic blight.

The easiest way to depict war-breeding situations would be to compile a geographical catalogue of the areas of friction; the Franco-German border, the Polish-German border, the Lithuanian-Polish border, the Russian-Polish border, the Bessarabian sector between Russia and Roumania, the border between Czechoslovakia and Hungary, the Italo-French frontiers in Africa, and so on, *ad infinitum*. But the territorial method of indicating danger zones can be overworked. With equal facility one might draft a chart of Europe's minorities, armaments, fortifications (which are known to all though kept as portentous "secrets"), military treaties, war debts, tariff barriers, conflicting political and economic concepts, or even the influence of outstanding personalities. Again, however, we might comprehend all these without seeing deeply enough to grasp the underlying reasons for the drift toward war. For all their geographical disparity, the ambitions of the irredentist population in East Prussia are not essentially dissimilar to those of the Croats in Jugoslavia; and so it goes. It may be more profitable, then, to abandon for a moment the listing of concrete details, and look for rock-bottom social trends that cut across the landscape and color the policies of parties, classes, and nations, affecting them all, no matter how variously.

1. *The Lag of Historical Realism.* To deal accurately with this question is hard enough, even in America. Most people still live on the legends of wartime, whatever their disillusionment regarding its practical results. How many of my readers, I wonder, have patiently read through such dispassionate works as Professor Sidney B. Fay's on "The Origins of the World War," or the writings of Professors Barnes and Schmitt, which, though diametrically opposed at points, combine none the less to dissipate many a myth? Yet time is bringing slowly a new perspective. In America, we can perhaps afford the luxury of time a trifle better than Europe can, with nations at each others' elbows, clamoring for changes in that *status quo* which is based so extensively on fallacy. Researches into history will profoundly affect the generation after next; but despite the existing knowledge about the origins of the last war, the victorious peoples are still living under the impact, not of facts, but of the invaders' shrapnel. That, they feel, is fact enough for them.

Most conspicuous and characteristic of this lag of historic realism is the position of France. Six months spent in that delightful country, during which time I visited practically every section of it, interviewing people all the way from provincial shopkeepers to metropolitan politicians, have convinced me that the special acts of the French, in defying world opinion during the present crisis, emanate principally from an almost totally astigmatic reading of history. History, as generally taught in France's schools, is only propaganda. The average Frenchman is absolutely unaware, for example, that his country's press had to a large degree been purchased outright by Isvolsky, the Russia pre-war ambassador, or that the secret commitments of his government had a real share in the responsibility for the war itself. He comprehends only the simply-stated thesis that a cruel German people (he makes no distinction between the old Germany and the new) exclusively launched the war and brutally treated his superior civilization. Thus he clings desperately to the fantastic Versailles Treaty, which is the greatest single war-instigator in the world today.

Contrast the sentiment of France and Belgium

and you will find illumination. When the International Federation of Miners, after the war, sought to re-establish internationalism, Robert Smillie for England and Joseph Dejardin for Belgium went into Germany to repair the breach; but although they first went to Paris to secure co-operation from French miners, nobody would go with them. Later, when the Federation was rebuilt, and this great body met in France, the British delegates were placed at the head of the table, next to them the French, then the Belgians and the other allies of France, and, at the foot, the Germans. On the contrary, when the same body met in Brussels, the British were again placed at the head, the Germans next, then the French, with the Belgians at the foot. At the recent Congress of the Socialist International at Vienna, in one meeting, a bitter attack by French delegates (following a public handshake between Germans and Frenchmen on the platform) drove a leading German miners' official into unashamed weeping. I cite these instances, because the working class groups, eager for self-interest to strengthen their international bonds, have been if anything more easily reconciled than other organizations.

To give a striking recent example of the intrusion of history into the future (no wonder that Professor Einstein once declared that we must "forget history"!) it is noteworthy that when the Graf Zeppelin visited England in mid-August, it was received by enthusiastic mobs and official hospitality of the friendliest order. Over France, however, no cheering was noticed, all cameras had to be locked up, and French military airplanes with machine guns openly displayed "at the ready" kept the airship constantly under surveillance. Yet it must be remembered that London suffered worst from Zeppelin raids in the war, while Belgium, not France, was almost completely conquered and administered by the enemy for four years.

Incredible as it seems, Belgians have often told me that this difference is due to the fact that four years of German occupation taught them that, on the whole, their conquerors were "human beings and a decent sort"; I have even been told that the superior public sanitation in Belgium can be attributed in part to the wartime occupation! But most important, of course, is the greater depth of historic understanding among many Belgians, who realize that their country has been overrun periodically by all the large nations of Europe, the French included.

Nobody who could have seen the tense anxiety among the masses in Germany last winter, and again during the July crisis, could be unwilling to run the risk of being labeled "pro-German" due to a further lag in historic realism! I make no bones of the fact that in the new Germany has been rising a socialization of life and culture, a zest in education, a forward-looking view in industry and art, which promise much for all of Europe. On the other hand, there are still active groups in Germany, not only among the Hitlerites and the followers of Hugenberg the Nationalist, but as well among industrialists, which continue on their own historic misconceptions, brooding upon the dear old days when the monarchy and the empire gave them unchecked opportunities. These are, it is true, an inflated outfit, whose prestige would collapse at once under the effects of a single generous act by France in the political or economic sphere.

Your Italian guides in Venice will assiduously point out the spot where an Austrian bomb just missed ruining the facade of the famous St. Marks church; they will hardly mention the bribe of Adriatic islands, African soil and $50,000,000 which brought Italy into the war on the side of the allies through the breaking of an old allegiance. At Leugenboom in Belgium your Belgian ex-service man in charge of the famous first "Big Bertha" which shelled Dunkerck twenty-eight miles away, bears down on the fact that the gun was made before the war (not a fact, as it happens) to shell London from Calais—this for the benefit of the numerous British visitors, who look at each other significantly and go home to vote for larger military appropriations; but he has never heard, naturally enough, of the trip over Belgian terrain made by General Sir John French five years before the war, to map out a route for British troops. One could repeat such illustrations through countless pages, for both sides of every battle-line.

A sociologist can never forget that when it comes to immediate events at least, what people think are the facts looms much more importantly than the facts themselves. In France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Roumania, and Belgium, the gigantic illusion persists that the *status quo,* based on the Versailles Treaty, can be maintained if only arms enough and gold enough and diplomacy enough can be mobilized against the world cry for peace and disarmament. That is why France, and with her the ring of allies she has built up around Germany and against Russia and Italy, could declare herself incapable of losing $19,500,000 under the moratorium of President Hoover, but spend during the selfsame week in one casual appropriation $96,000,000 toward only one portion of her new forts. That is why, all over Europe, the war way is looked to as a necessary means, in the last analysis, either to uphold the *status quo* or to shatter it, as the case may be. No means of avoiding war in Europe will have an iota of effect unless it leads to a more general willingness to base future policies on future needs, instead of past wounds, vengeance, or the satisfaction of power and prestige.

2. *The Cry for Ideal Justice.* He would be rash who dared deny sympathy to the claims put forward by small nationalities and minority populations. These abound throughout Europe, and often their lot is tragic. It is no light thing to see your government change over your head, a new language enforced and military conscription imposed on your sons in defense of a former alien state. Yet is it not a fair question how far self-determination can go without becoming a worse evil than enforced collaboration? I have lately had some experience of the small-people's-rights sentiment among the Flemish in Belgium and the Basques and Catalonians in Spain; to think of little Belgium separated into two sections and the new Spanish Republic broken up into a series of tiny independent states leaves me rather cold. Nor can I find much to excite my interest in the attempt to revive the old Gaelic tongue in Ireland, the ancient Viking *landsmaal* in Norway, or even the Provençal language in South France, which flowered into some excellent poetry beneath the touch of Frederic Mistral. These are all moves in the direction of retrogression, steps back to nationism when what we need is internationism.

We must not, of course, deafen our ears to the

cry for justice. But we must also realize that there is no possibility of ideal justice in many a national situation today. Alsace-Lorraine furnishes a fine example. While Germany maintained control, not even the granting of a semi-autonomous *landstag* satisfied the inhabitants. As you go up through the fields, with marks of trenches still occasionally visible, you can understand the joy of the people at the entry of France as ruler. Then what, however? The initial enthusiasm has long since been replaced by a bitter local-autonomy sentiment even more intense than before, for it is French policy to maintain uniformity of treatment throughout the Republic. The jailing of provincial leaders has only strengthened the discontent. What all hands fail to recognize is the simple but unromantic truth that absolutely no means of settling this question by complete justice can ever be found.

It is likewise true that while Poland felt that she had to have a corridor to the sea, the Germans feel that they must have a corridor to East Prussia. But I defy any human brain to devise a solution guaranteeing ideal justice to all parties. And the same stern reality applies to a large number of the minority agitations. But naturally enough, the oppressed peoples—and they are indeed oppressed from their special point of view—will continue to protest until by fresh international action flexibility is brought into the situation. Hungary will go on sending out inflammatory mechanical postcards that invite the recipient to work a lever which throws off the sections of old Hungary of which new Hungary stands denuded. Innsbruck stores will go on selling the beautiful postcards tenderly depicting dispossessed peasants looking off over the Alpine peaks toward the Italian Tyrol. Here the League, which is in greatest danger at the point of its inflexibility in perpetuating the *status quo,* has done badly on the whole; recently a group of distinguished Britons, in an appeal to Arthur Henderson, declared that eleven years of minority protection efforts by the League had been almost a total failure. When the League grows into an instrument for peaceable changes in the *status quo,* peace will be immeasurably advanced. The unwillingness of the United States to enter the World Court on a basis of compulsory jurisdiction, in view of our various Latin American interventions, scarcely helps to set a good example.

3. *The Clash of Rival Systems.* From the lips of business men in Switzerland, Spain, England, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Czechoslovakia, France and Italy, I have repeatedly heard the sober assertion that their faith in capitalism had been brought crashing down. Only professional optimists maintain a completely defensive attitude in Europe. If anyone thinks that I exaggerate, I must remind him of so conservative an observer as Montague Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, who recently said that unless the most drastic measures were taken to save world capitalism, the whole structure would topple in less than a twelvemonth—and then went on to ask that this prediction be "filed for future reference." It does not mean that business men are going bolshevik. It does mean, however, that whereas five years ago they were laughing uproariously at Soviet Russia, they look at it now with a mixture of fear and interest, no matter how disapproving. On the other hand, Russia reveals no diminution in its fear, and in its belief, carefully nurtured from on top, that an early attack by war will be made by the world's capitalistic governments.

Stalin's policy of ignoring world revolution while consolidating the Five Year Plan (already stretching out toward the Second Five Year Plan), has even gone so far as a public statement by the Soviet Ambassador in London that Communism and Capitalism may live peaceably side by side for many years to come. In Russia, nevertheless, nobody believes it. Nor do they, as a rule, at Geneva, where one senses a curiously general suppressed fear of Russia, from men within the organization of the League down to the circles of street gossip. The trade treaties between Russia and Italy, and the pending commercial agreements with France, are straws indicating a partial relaxation of tension; but they do nothing to shake the general belief, almost fatalistic among the masses, that eventually world-convulsing struggle will take place for the supremacy of one system or the other. And common efforts toward good will, with Russia isolated by non-recognition, thus in turn giving a better field for anti-foreign propaganda, progress slowly, so stern are the barriers raised against them.

4. *The Irresolution of the Peace Movement.* One after another, peace organizations that originally started out as fighting groups, sturdily attacking war, exposing munitions interests, demanding treaties, warning governments, and acting boldly against conscription, have assumed a fact-finding and educational function. It is true, assuredly, that too much in the way of information can never be in the possession of peace-making people. It is also true, however, that war is a system and an institution, involved too deeply in governmental processes to be shaken loose by lectures and pamphlets. And the great bulk of the organized peace efforts of Europe are in one way or another wrapped up in officialdom, following governments rather than leading; and some of them have already notified the world that they are ready to back war when it is undertaken by League sanction against an "aggressor" nation. Thus they are open to a race for persuasion by competing claims in a crisis, instead of concentrating their energies on the bold aversion of war. In short, they are for war as a last resort, instead of peace as a last resort—a view which is strangely vitiating in times of "peace" as well as during crises.

In the sense that warmakers are ready with detailed programs of action for any emergency, we live today under the menace of planned warfare; plans are ready which cover not only the strategy of conquering any imaginable enemy, but of conquering recalcitrant, anti-war opinion at home. Against these plans the peace groups have developed, on the whole, scant preparation. There was once a man whose house burned down over his head during the night, and afterwards he described it thus: "The first thing I heard, I smelled smoke. I grabbed my clothes with one hand, and hollered fire with the other." Should a dire contingency precipitate a general imminence of combat war, this today would be the position of many peace societies.

5. *The Servility of Religion.* The last decade has witnessed the growth of anti-war sentiment in the Christian churches to a heartening degree, both in

England and America. But while a certain similar development has taken place in Europe, among limited circles, it has been nowise so rapid or widespread. I cannot think of a single country in Europe where the churches would constitute an obstacle of the least importance in stopping a threatened conflict. This is not to belittle the splendid work of courageous individuals or groups, but to state a disquieting truth. If anything, there has been a definite backsliding during the past five years. German religious pacifism has largely caved in under Allied policy; French pacifism has followed too generally the lure of the "holy war," new style, the proposed war against war, or war for law. Confronted by the choice of conforming to state militarism or suffering for conscience sake, most clergymen and laymen alike have lapsed into silence on war policies, either acquiescing outwardly or else wholeheartedly blessing the war method as they did prior to 1914. I have been told by several religious leaders of Scandinavia that even in Denmark, whose labor movement has pushed ahead the most drastic scheme of disarmament ever yet undertaken, little or no significant support has been forthcoming from the churches.

These, it seems to one observer, are the basic factors in the ever-present danger of new war. In conclusion, it is fitting to raise a natural inquiry. Is it hopeless? Can nothing further be done on our part to avert the conflict that seems inevitable, and for which the world keeps zealously rehearsing? Shall we, then, abandon Europe to her fate?

The answer is a vigorous No! In a later article, another side of the situation will be presented, and suggestions offered, for what these may be worth, of ways to aid in building up a peaceful Europe.

DEVERE ALLEN.

A Substitute for Christianity

Religion and Christianity are not identical; the latter is merely one of the manifestations of the urge to seek the highest truths of life. The majority of mankind has faith in other religions. However, Christianity is accepted by the civilized nations of the world and is therefore entitled to retain its pre-eminence until a better substitute is found.

That Christianity has defects cannot be denied. It is an historical religion dependent in its traditional form upon a completed revelation. Nothing has been added to the evidences of Christianity for over fifteen hundred years. Whatever changes have occurred in liberal religious thought are due to revised interpretations of the original narrative. Christianity relies entirely upon the description by Biblical writers of a world which does not correspond with the world of secular writers of the same day or with natural laws as now known.

The Bible informs us that the universe was created in six days, that God was an anthropomorphic being who dwelt in heaven but occasionally descended to earth and performed miracles; that the tower of Babel divided the languages; that there is a place of eternal torment for the wicked after death; that Jesus was the son of Jehovah, born of a virgin; that he walked on the water, cast out devils, raised the dead, rose from the tomb after crucifixion and ascended bodily into heaven. These are among the most important occurrences in Christian tradition, but the probability is that not one of them is true. They are not in consonance with the laws of the universe which admit of no such exceptions.

Not only is the accuracy of the "Word of God" in question, but many of the ethical standards set by the Bible are inferior to the best human code of our own time. Jehovah, still acknowledged as God by Christians, was not the all-loving Father generally supposed. The Pentateuch describes an astonishingly large number of acts that warrant the characterization by Thomas Jefferson of Jehovah as a Being "cruel, vindictive, capricious and unjust." Jehovah was more concerned with worship of himself than with the welfare of mankind. If Jehovah were the only God, right-minded people would have a strong argument for becoming atheists.

The modern idea is that anyone can select what he wishes from the supposedly inspired "Word of God" and reject the incredible portions as allegory, or mere legend. The gospel stories about Jesus, except St. John's, are accepted as on the whole accurate, although the evangelists were in error concerning other matters such as devils, angels, heaven, hell and miracles. The life of the Son of Man is credited, though his equally emphasized side as the Son of God is considered as of no importance by Modernists.

When the supernatural and improbable have been eliminated from Biblical history, the life and teachings of Jesus become the essence of Christianity. Following him is sufficient for a modern Christian. But, unfortunately, the life and teachings of Jesus do not provide a satisfactory guide for right living today; for no one knows what those teachings were, nor how they should be applied to the various problems of our complicated civilization. There is no unanimity among Biblical experts regarding the application of Jesus's teachings to modern life.

Can the readers of this article, who sincerely wish to follow Jesus, agree on the right position to take on the important political, economic and international questions of today? Jesus was reported to have said: "When ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled." (Mark xiii, 7; Matt. xxiv, 6; Luke xxi, 9.) Should a follower of Jesus in each country obey his government and fight, or be a conscientious objector? Jesus was reported to have turned water into wine. Would he be for or against Prohibition? From the parable of the laborers can a captain of industry tell whether to recognize or oppose labor unions? Would the man who drove the money-changers from the temple and advised against thrift approve of the stock exchanges? Must we not conclude that it is impossible to learn how to live and move and have our being in our present world from the words and acts of Jesus two thousand years ago?

If the teachings of Jesus do not inform mankind how to decide important issues of modern life, the last bulwark of historic Christianity is destroyed. Christianity does not progress ethically and furnishes an ineffective guide to right living. But this fact, instead of destroying hope, should lead religious people

to construct a new faith that will withstand all criticism, adjusting its creed as the world progresses. Will anyone contend that Christianity should be retained if another religion conforms more closely to the divine plan?

Only one change is necessary in order to substitute for Christianity a religion which will be both inspirational and logical. Not a single valuable principle need be abandoned in shifting from the old to the new. The only requirement is to base our faith exclusively on the world as known today instead of on the world as the Biblical writers supposed it to be. As we do not attempt to prove astronomy, biology or any other science by the writings of ancient times, neither should we base our theology upon the inferior knowledge of the universe possessed by those same writers.

Our own time is the most reliable era of revelation. Our knowledge of the plan of the universe is still incomplete, but it is far superior to the revelations made to Moses and St. John. For us, revelation was not ended with the translation of the King James Version, but has been continuous and cumulative. Whatever of importance for us to know that has ever existed on earth is with us still. No living God has died. Man is nearer to omniscience now than ever before.

Spirituality has improved with knowledge of the physical world, and can be as well developed under the new religion as when relying upon Christian foundations. If it is spiritual to accept the direct creation, it is equally so to accept evolution; if spiritual to believe in the fall of man, it is more so to believe in his rise; if it is spiritual to accept the Jews as God's chosen people, it is more so to view all races as brothers; if it is spiritual to revere the inspiration of Moses, it is at least equally so to believe the revelations of Darwin; if spiritual to credit the miracles of the Bible, it is as much so to develop the marvels disclosed by science; if belief in the Holy Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost is spiritual, belief in the holy trinity of father, mother and child is not infidelity; if belief in the virgin birth is spiritual, reverence for natural birth is no less so; if to accept every command of Jehovah is spiritual, the demand for higher morality is not atheistic; if a priest who burns incense, baptizes and administers communion is spiritual, so may be the scientist who discovers a new method of preventing human suffering.

The new religion requires a great change in the direction of spirituality, but retains unchanged most of the worthy attributes of life. All of beauty, music and art; all of poetry, sentiment and affection; all of integrity, nobleness and excellence; all of morality, love and virtue; all of intelligence, learning and knowledge; all of taste, refinement and culture; all of kindliness, unselfishness and truth are to be cultivated by the new religion. In fact, these qualities will be more vital in our lives when their realization is of primary importance instead of being subordinate to worship of the supernatural. They can be better developed by more complete knowledge of evolutionary processes.

One of the encouraging features of the new religion is the discovery that the world is not so bad as we have been taught by historic Christianity; and it can be made constantly better. The new religion requires as great faith as the old—faith in the plan of the universe, in things as they are, in the spiritual possibilities of man, with no fear that new discoveries will disturb that adjustable faith. The search for truth, unswervingly, conscientiously, in a scientific spirit, becomes a vital element in religion. An evolutionist acquires a receptive attitude towards social progress. He can apply religious zeal and unselfish devotion to making this world a happier abode for humanity.

WILLIAM FLOYD.

The Study Table

Reviews by MAYNARD SHIPLEY

"The Physical Basis of Personality"*

To the pre-scientific world, personality was a matter of spiritual endowment and free will. To the scientific thinkers in our quasi-scientific world, it is a matter, primarily of genes, secondarily of glandular balance. To the phrenologist and the physiognomist have succeeded the anatomist and the physiologist. And the peculiar thing is that sometimes their conclusions as to a given individual sound more or less alike in some particulars, however the foundations may vary on which the opinions are based.

Dr. Stockard, who is professor of anatomy at Cornell Medical College, has done a great deal of experimental work, both pre-natal and post-natal. The special experiments which take up a good part of his book relate to the crossing of dogs of different and seemingly incompatible breeds—basset hound and shepherd (miscalled police dog), Boston terrier and dachshund, dachshund and griffon, etc.—and their back-crossing to the respective parent types. By means of these experiments he has demonstrated which characteristics of a breed are dominant and which recessive, in the hereditary constitution of the offspring, which are sex-limited, and which are bred out in future generations.

He has surveyed also in this book (expanded and popularized from his Stanford lectures of last year) other experiments in heredity in various classes of animals, from insects to mammals. His study of this work has convinced him that the constitutional syndrome manifested as personality in any animal—including the human mammal—depends first of all on the unpredictable combination of genes and chromosomes at the instant of conception; next on the accidents of pre-natal life; and last, after birth, on the nature of or changes in the endocrine glands (particularly the gonads and the thyroid) and on their interrelation. As he says, we die of a defect which was ours from our very generation. Even if it is a traffic accident which finally kills us, it kills us because our adaptation was not sufficient to enable us to get quickly out of harm's way as a better adapted individual would have done.

The most important period of our career is spent before birth. "It would not be altogether erroneous to assume that most individuals are finally born with some imperfection due either to lack of quality in the germ cells from which they arose or to a lack of exactness in the environment under which they were nur-

*The Physical Basis of Personality. By Charles R. Stockard, M. D. New York, W. W. Norton & Company, $3.00. 320 pp.

tured." Therefore Dr. Stockard uses a great deal of the space at his disposal to a complete non-technical description of the mechanics of heredity.

He divides mankind into the linear and the lateral types, and analyzes them in detail, with regard to peculiarities of temperament (but based on physical foundations) as well as to somatic characteristics. Primitive man, he believes, belonged to the linear (dolicocephalic) type, and was a coast-dweller; later races, dwelling inland, have developed the lateral variety. There are also, of course, many mixed types, owing to inter-marriage of the two fundamental forms. All of these considerations should enter, not only into medical treatment of a given invalid, but even more into education, criminology, and psychological adjustment.

Altogether "The Physical Basis of Personality" is a sound, sober, and valuable work, as well as a stimulating and interesting one. The only slip Dr. Stockard makes is his unqualified acceptance of the theory that life first arose in the ocean, whereas many authorities of today consider the arguments more cogent for the origin of life in and on the shore of fresh-water lakes. This, however, is only a casual reference; the book as a whole is firmly based on first-hand knowledge of its subject.

"Freud and His Time"*

This is not a biography of Freud. Dr. Wittels covered that field several years ago. The emphasis of the book is not on Freud himself, but on his "time"—more particularly on the influence which psycho-analysis has had in non-therapeutic fields. Outside of Freud's own studies in art and anthropology, such as "Leonardo da Vinci" and "Totem and Taboo," little of this has been done, and it is fitting that the first thorough study of the field should be undertaken by Freud's close and orthodox disciple.

In essence, "Freud and His Time" is a series of essays, a few concerned with the backgrounds of Freud's building up of psycho-analytic theory, most of them with various aspects of that theory itself. It supplies for the lay reader the same need as is met for the serious student of psycho-analysis by Healy, Bronner, and Bowers' "Structure and Meaning of Psycho-Analysis." Once a few technical terms have been understood, there is very little in it which should not be perfectly clear to the merest amateur of the subject.

But the book is not merely an exposition. Wittels has some original ideas of his own—some of them happy, some not so happy. In the first class is the absorbing first chapter, on "Goethe and Freud," which traces an unexpected influence inerrantly to its source. In the second is Wittels' "Anthropological Reconstruction," which is more or less contradicted by Freud himself, and with which no professional anthropologist would be likely to agree. To mention but a single point, in times of peace and plenty more females than males are produced, not the reverse as Wittels claims. (So far as we know—though of course our knowledge is incomplete—overfeeding an expectant mother is more likely to produce a majority of females, starving her, of males.) As this is the basis of Wittels' whole anthropological theory, it is vitiated from the start.

Many of the chapters, however, are of the utmost importance even to students in other provinces, not particularly interested in psycho-analysis. Especially is this true of the last four, "The Child," "Criminal Law," "Art" and "Einstein and Freud." The data contained in the first two of these are invaluable to the sociologist; the third is a mine of reflection for the artist or the lover of art; and the last is revelatory to both the scientifically—and the philosophically-minded reader. As a student of criminology for many years, I may say that I got more ideas from Wittels' chapter on "Criminal Law" than I ever remember getting from any half dozen other articles of the same length.

Whether we be followers of psycho-analysis, behaviorists, gestaltists, or old-fashioned introspective psychologists—or even if we be, like the small boy, neutral because we hate them all—the fact remains that, for our time at least (which is also Freud's time), psycho-analysis is a present and important phenomenon. Like Prohibition or Bolshevism, we cannot wave it out of existence by ignoring it. Our wisest course is to try to understand it; and for this purpose I have seen no more admirable instrument than this book of Wittels'. Open to exception as it is on some points, even by psycho-analysts themselves, it is so far the best of its kind in English; and of its kind there are not very many in any language. Simply as reading matter it is intensely interesting; and as a source-book it is of the utmost value.

*"Freud and His Time." By Fritz Wittels. New York, Horace Liveright, Inc., $4. 451 pp.

Note

It is not surprising that books on Mahatma Gandhi are now rapidly multiplying.

In France and Germany this year have appeared translations of C. F. Andrews's edition of Gandhi's autobiography, and of Mr. Andrews's "Mahatma Gandhi's Ideas."

In England has just been published a third book by Mr. Andrews, entitled "Mahatma Gandhi At Work," being a statement in Gandhi's "own words (of) his epic struggle in the Transvaal," taken from his two books, "Satyagraha in South Africa" and "My Experiments With Truth."

Also in England have just been published the following: "Mr. Gandhi the Man," by Millie Graham Polak; "'Naked Fakir,'" by Robert Bernays; "India: Peace or War," by C. T. Ranga Iyer; and "India Insistent," by Sir Harcourt Butler.

—"Bapu Gandhi," by Justice Piddington.

—"My Host the Hindu," by Muriel Lester.

—"A Word to Gandhi," by Brig. Gen. Crozier.

American editions of these books will appear in due course, and will be noted in these columns.

J. H. H.

He Who Thinks to Find Tomorrow—

He who thinks to find tomorrow
Willing slave of dull today,
Shall repent in bitter sorrow:
Bound by hours he threw away!

CLARA MAE BARNES

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 50)

where he has spoken before religious, social and educational bodies, and formed the acquaintance of leaders of all political parties and all religious faiths. Ever since his first visit to India, he has been a regular subscriber to, and a constant reader of, never fewer than seven leading Indian periodicals, published in the cities of Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Lahore, Poona, and Allahabad, and thus has kept himself in almost as close touch with current affairs in India as in America. Also his correspondence with Indian leaders has been, and still is, large, including Gandhi, Tagoe, and presidents of the Indian National Congress. His acquaintance with Tagore began in 1896, when he was a guest in the poet's Calcutta home since which time the friendship formed has been continuous and he has had the privilege of entertaining Tagore in his own home in this country.

In 1926, the editors of three important periodicals, The *New Orient* of New York, The *Nation* of New York, and UNITY of Chicago, united in giving Dr. Sunderland a testimonial dinner at the Town Hall, New York, in acknowledgment of his long service to India, with addresses by John Haynes Holmes, Oswald Garrison Villard, Professor Shepherd of Columbia University, Dr. Anna Garland Spencer, and others. Also in 1928, the Indian resident of New York City gave him a similar reception and banquet at the Civic Club, with addresses by Dr. Kirchwey of Columbia, David Dudley Malone, B. W. Huebsch, the publisher, Syud Hossain and others, and letters from distinguished persons in India, including Lajpat Rai and Dr. Ansari, presidents of the Indian National Congress, Rabindranath Tagore, and Mahatma Gandhi.

Dr. Sunderland was three years president of the India Information Bureau of New York. For some years past he has been vice-president of the All World Gandhi Fellowship, and president of the India Society of America.

—*Poughkeepsie Evening Star, September 22, 1931.*

Stand With Macintosh

Many Leaders, in Statement, See Duty to Moral Power Higher than State

A statement of agreement with the minority opinion of the supreme court relative to the Macintosh case has just been released "To the President and Congress of the United States" which is signed by several scores of leaders.

"The recent decision of the supreme court," the statement reads, "which denies the right of citizenship to persons who refuse to abdicate their conscience on the question of participation in armed conflict, forces us, the undersigned citizens, to notify the constituted authorities of our nation that we share the convictions of those who have been denied citizenship.

"Some of the undersigned find it impossible, because of religious and moral scruples, to render any kind of combatant service in time of war. Others share the conviction of one of the persons denied citizenship in the recent supreme court decision and cannot promise support to the government until we have had the opportunity of weighing the moral issues involved in an international struggle.

"We concur in the minority opinion of the supreme court that in the forum of conscience, duty to a moral power higher than the state has always been maintained. The reservation of that supreme obligation, as a matter of principle, would undoubtedly be made by many of our conscientious citizens. The essence of religion is belief in a relation to God involving duties superior to those arising from any human relation."

Among those whose signatures are attached to the statement are Peter Ainslie, S. Parks Cadman, W. Russell Bowie, Samuel McCrea Cavert, Henry Sloane Coffin, Sherwood Eddy, Charles W. Gilkey, F. J. McConnell, Reinhold Niebuhr, Ernest F. Tittle, Stephen S. Wise, R. W. Sockman, C. C. Morrison, Halford E. Luccock, A. W. Palmer, Kirby Page, William Scarlett, Mary E. Woolley, Frederick B. Fisher, Albert Parker Fitch, W. E. Gilroy, Dan B. Brummitt, Hubert C. Herring, John Haynes Holmes, Guy Emery Shipler and Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Another Editor Travels

Sydney Strong sailed September 22 on SS "Bremen," in company with his son and his family, on their way to Geneva. He will proceed directly to Moscow, spend a month there, then return to Geneva. Will be in New York about Christmas.

Mail should be addressed to Hotel Wolcott, 4 W. 31st St., N. Y. C., or, care of Tracy Strong, Y. M. C. A., 2 Rue de Montchoisy, Geneva.

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A Way to Respond to Appeal of Dr. Einstein

. . . Let this generation take the greatest step forward ever made in the life of man. Let it contribute to those who follow, the inestimable fight of a world in which the barbarity of war has been forever renounced. We can do it if we will. It requires only that all who hate war shall have the courage to say that they will not have war.

I appeal to all men and women, whether they be eminent or humble, to declare before the World Disarmament Conference which meets at Geneva in February, that they will refuse to give any further assistance to war or the preparation for war. I ask them to tell their goverments this in writing, and to register their decision by informing me that they have done so. . .

I have authorized the establishment of the "Einstein War Resisters' International Fund." Contributions to this fund should be sent to the Treasurer of the W. R. I., 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

ALBERT EINSTEIN.

Prof. Albert Einstein,
War Resisters' International,
11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

I wish to register with you as one who will never take any part in future wars. I will refuse to give any assistance in the preparation for war. I have written a personal letter to the President of the U. S., Hon. Herbert Hoover, accordingly.

Yours for the dawn of peace on earth.

Name (Miss, Mr. or Mrs.) .....

Address (Street) .....

City ..... State .....